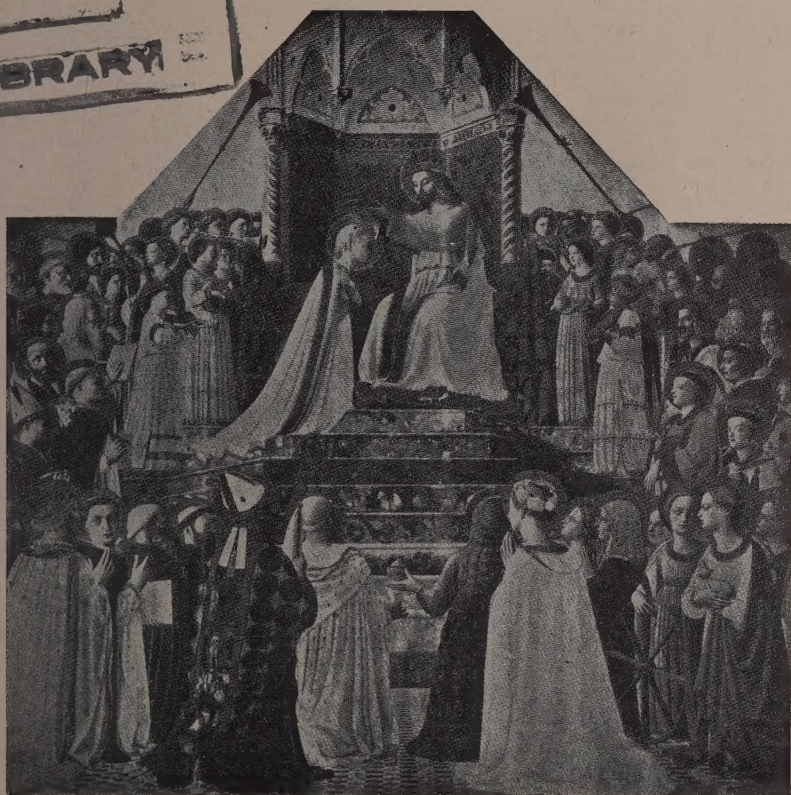


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CONTENTS

The Calendar of Christ	20
<i>Carroll E. Simcox</i>	
Studies in Triumph Over Escape	20
<i>C. Kilmer Myers</i>	
St. Helena, Queen and Widow	20
<i>Sister Mary Teresa, O.S.H.</i>	
St. Bernard and the Song of Songs	21
<i>Sister Elspeth, A.S.S.P.</i>	
Prayer and The Beatitudes	21
<i>Isabel S. Daney</i>	
The Liberian Mission	22
Mount Calvary	22

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The Holy Cross Magazine

Aug.



1948

The Calendar of Christ

BY CARROLL E. SIMCOX

The Transfiguration of Christ

(August 6)

St. Peter 1:13-18

THE EPISTLE

THE critical theory about this passage is that it is an anti-gnostic appeal to the eye-witness authority of the Apostles. It says in substance: the gnostics have their "cunningly devised fables," but *we* are "eye-witnesses of his majesty": *we were there*. It makes no great difference whether St. Peter is the actual author of the passage or not. The appeal the author makes is the sound and right one. Jesus Christ is not a product of fantasy: the Word was made flesh, and there were those who beheld His glory. This testimony we have, and this testimony alone do we receive. The Majesty of God has been truly, historically, and objectively revealed in Christ.

The Glory could be seen by human eyes. The Transfiguration is a kind of special focussing of the divine Effulgence which shone in Christ. The event up in the mount was a pointing up, a focalization, of God's self-showing. (I blush for the awkwardness of these terms, but what else do we have?) His whole incarnate life was the revelation, but in the Transfiguration it was most dramatically manifested.

The point can be more effectively made if the sermon is based on the Gospel.

THE HOLY GOSPEL

St. Luke 9:28-36.

There are several things to bear in mind in preparing the sermon, whether you explicate them all or not.



"HE WAS TRANSFIGURED BEFORE THEM"

The first is the choice of Peter and James and John to be with the Lord as witnesses of the Transfiguration. Why these three? Or why just a chosen few at all? Was the event they "witnessed" a purely subjective—i. e., imaginary—one, which the mind of faith would have to conjure up? This would be the naturalistic explanation. To the person who approaches the Gospel with naturalistic pre-suppositions it will seem all-sufficient. But if we take the Transfiguration as an objective fact we are left with the riddle of our Lord's choice of only three spectators. This is not the only place where the riddle confronts us. He evidently did this sort of thing as a matter of regular policy. I can offer you no theory except the one I myself hold, which is this: Jesus manifested His glory directly to the chosen few, He spoke to the few plainly and to the many in parables, simply because it was only in this way that He could avoid miracle-mongering. To the mind illumined by faith a miracle has its *meaning*; to the unillumined mind the miracle is only a miracle, and the

miracle-worker is wonderful merely because He works the miracle. Jesus had to put His appeal on a different basis: the basis of discipleship and devotion. But why Peter and James and John and not, at the very least, all the Twelve? The reason is hidden with Him. But viewing the mystery from the outside we see that one thing is clear: Jesus had His circle within His circle. He knew His men. He may well have judged that these three could most safely be trusted with the secret and counted upon to do with it as He bade them.

Next, the detail of the appearance of Moses and Elijah and our Lord's conversation with them. This calls for a typological interpretation. Moses typifies the Law and Elijah the Prophets. Note the topic of their conversation: "the decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." Moses and Elijah as types, are partners in the divine plan of world redemption. As partners they are more specifically preparers of the Way for the Lord. The Law revealed the divine righteousness. The Prophets proclaimed the divine condemnation of sin. The Law and the Prophets were prolegomena to the final Word which God was to speak in Jesus.

God has a strategic plan which He unfolds, and Biblical History is the record of the unfolding of that plan upon earth. He shows us His righteous will (the Law). When we defy His will He condemns our sins (the Prophet). But this is not enough to accomplish our redemption. He comes down and takes away our guilt by taking it upon Himself. And as Moses and Elijah kept their rendezvous with the Saviour they are saying in effect, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

The Cross, then, is not an accident. It is the power and wisdom of God. It may well be that God would have accomplished our atonement with Him in some other way if He could; but our transgression and folly made—and make—that impossible. The preacher might point out the manifest insufficiency of a moral code and prophetic judgment, all by themselves, to reconcile men to God. Only the perfect sacrifice of the saving Victim can do that.

Hence the message of the atonement as God's plan and God's act is central in the transfiguration.

We pass on to the behavior of the three man witnesses. While Jesus, Moses and Elijah were conversing, these three were "heavy with sleep." My feeling is that their fatigue is more than the body weariness of men who have worn themselves out climbing a mountain; it is the heaviness of the mind and spirit when things beyond one's understanding are being demonstrated or discussed. If the average man had to listen all afternoon to Dr. Einstein and a few hundred master-minds discussing relativity it would be heavy with sleep in short order. What of the average man hearing God's plan of redemption discussed by Jesus, Moses and Elijah? Put yourself in Peter's place and you see the parable at once.

You can make something of this in the sermon. What Jesus does on the Cross is decidedly God's business that we can't begin to understand it. We have our part to play: that of receiving its benefits actively, of course not passively). But our part is not to understand it. If we can't understand relativity we certainly can't understand redemption. The "simple Gospel," whatever it may be, is not the Gospel of the Cross.

St. Bartholomew The Apostle (August 24)

FOR THE EPISTLE

Acts 5:12-16.

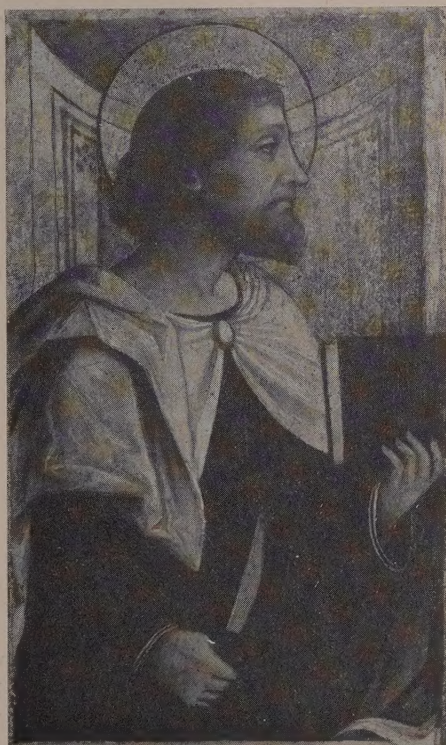
There is no reference here to St. Bartholomew himself, nor is there in the Gospel. He is really the unknown apostle. But this may lie a sermon possibility. You could well make the point that the apostolic office is in a very important sense independent of the personal character and achievements of the apostle as a man. For we know, of course, St. Bartholomew may have been the saintliest of the Twelve and a very mighty man of God. The simple fact that he had not the prestige of Peter

or Paul means nothing at all. "And some there be which have no memorial, who have perished as though they had never been born" (Ecclesiasticus 44:9); but God knows. Then of course the essential point of Article XXVI is also suggested here. There is need of a sermon on it every now and then.

THE HOLY GOSPEL

St. Luke 22:24-30.

What you have here re-inforces what is said above. Great is the power of the apostle of Christ; but the power is given for service and not dominion. This instruction of the Lord. St. Bartholomew heard. One gathers from the very obscurity of his name that he heeded it faithfully. He who serves is not likely to be renowned or even remembered. His reward is with God.



ST BARTHOLOMEW
(By Borgognone)

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

Studies in Triumph Over Escape

(a prose poem on Saint Augustine)

By C. KILMER MYERS

The Saint meditates upon the absence of peace in this life and the inevitable destruction of the earthly city.

A tower for dying
is stone and cold
grey for my travail,
(O divine Tear,
drop on the cold grey stone)
raised to a trackless sky
a mist-embedded finger
moving
as though freed of fixity,
loosed from mass,
known of clouds,
floating

. crowded with fleeting images, moments, causes and effects; yet also single step before the timeless, the long desired, That Other city behind whose wall mad decision ceases and no beauty is led to flames, nor love; that refuge sought of all who flee the Dark and Terrible Swan.

He, thus poised between the two opposing worlds, was called Augustine, priest after the First Priest who, O Mystery, began his sacrifice a worker in creation's wood and, at the end, bent his will to the wood which weeps; bent at last itself a blood-stained cradle swinging through this sea of pain, bearing, more precious than full-fleshed leaves, the broken Body.

And now the invader is at the gate. For three long months he storms the city wall; and the wall is order, means and ends, falling, its doomed stones, into the wild barbarian sea——, wall, wall, I ask you, why do you fall? For is God to be found where Terror reigns? in the Night? in the Dream?

Ah, alas, the window named for the R is broken, nor does the light of sun filter through to our crazy-tilted cross, and lazy bees of a summer's sabbath are remembered as a childhood past. O God's gift, quiet goes with the haunted winds-of-dead come in the morning.

The Saint, faced with the destruction of civilization, wrestles with the temptation to withdraw to the interior world of contemplation. He sees the temptation to be a mask hiding the desire for death and self-annihilation.

And here at his history's end a retreat in retreat from the wide-eyed waking world into the original wombish darkness; then to lie embedded in the beatless heart-being, to feast again on the mother-food. That before the First, to dwell in endless joy of the joyless One, to listen nerveless to eternity's ceaseless murmur, to escape the time-born death of the manifold. . . .

Forgotten never
—O the voice in the grove—
The eros-song
Still soft, still sweet.
O sinking now
Into deathless-death,
The oft-repeated No
Of nothingness.
And come at last
To that desire
Which seeks no object,
Nor itself.
Float then, Augustine,
in the green-cased run
of unknowing dreams,
the eternal rippled release
of soundless flowing fast
to the dimming edge
of down-down endless
rush and hush.

—, O my God, from these crippling
des save me, this night, flowing cloak
the stirring Beast who draws my ecstatic
e to his bloodless eye; lead me to the
v negation, love of self destroyed; leave
body naked, free to thy friendly sky,
moon, thy stars, one with all that it
holds and time, sanctified at the coming
Love's Son; make it the Bright and O
Beautiful Thing that it is——, but
about me and within is only night, may it
the night of the Word, the gentle dark
which he came to Mary, the garden night,
playing shadows in the peaceful tomb.
ow I long to share this night of his life's
ssion! Lead me hence, and soon now, to
land of stunted leafless trees, of swirl-
fogs and rising mists, pain's fantasy,
er's world; let me feel his passion's
aven-bolt beauty that this emptied self
y rise transfixed, O taken up in his!



*The Saint, exhausted in mind and body
by the events of his time, seeks to
escape reality in slumber. But he can-
not escape his depths.*

He would sleep; he would rest his day-
locked body; he would leave the heat of
the noon's cruel sun to enter the healing
shades, there to pause awhile, to eddy, to
grow off the fatigue of thought. Member
after member, bone after bone, nerve after

nerve, would gently press against the cool-
ness of the night. The resting would begin
at his heels, pass upward to his limbs, his
thighs, to reach at length the back of his
throbbing head. Not in a moment of time
would this come to pass; decision could not
instantly produce the goal; but he would
smile with a soft calm smile as he became
one with his resting place, as understanding
grew between himself and the couch. This,
his cushioned sleep-boat, would circle absent-
mindedly and the tower's tall soft darkness
would lap its sides. . . . Retreat now,
Augustine, lest the Day Demons find you!
Let the reaching arms of sleep take your
weary body! Lose yourself in clusters of the
steady-dripping dull!

O this sweet slipping into the untensed
night on the sluggish dreaming sea; where
ash and poplar on the shore move and sway
to the muted song of winds; where the
swish of waters and their swirl ring the
little bells of beyond the waking-time; where
pictures are exchanged for clouds, their si-
lent wondrous bowing, their subtle rejoin-
ing in the moon's pearl light; and slowly
the All becomes the wheel, the turning
wheel; and the drugging fogs embrace the
turning wheel, and the wheel becomes the
spokeless hub moving from turning to float-
ing in circles widening, narrowing, in the
receding midst of streaming airiness, to be
lost and lost, to be sightless, to be soundless,
simple, sweet heavy-eyed sinking, sunken,
sleep

but the golden door at the end of the
sea slowly swings wide to a long corridor
and another slowly swinging golden door;
black ropes slither-slide along sea floors,
pass through, pass through passing-past
and pause to coil and uncoil again; now
to swim through liquid black, snake-like-
unsunned—snakes, to cross the paralytic
couch, to flow beneath and slue them-
selves in shiny pulsing knots. They, the
soft with slime, have come to prevent the
escape of event, to bind the falling and the
rising, the laughing and the crying, the
answering and the calling, the stabbing and
the salving, the day itself. And these-which-
happened, despairing, struggle and writhe
in the clutch of black; these, seeking to

escape, soundlessly slide down interior paths to the depths themselves, there to rot in that dark prison and make all knowing a foul disease. The blood-thickening scream in the dream tears the curtain of the night and the underworld of the under-skin and the undersoul is aflame with fire, alight with licking tongues which spread throughout as a hairy hungry cancer; and the sweat of fever runs in rapid searing streams through the deepening valleys of the face. Asleep? Yes. Awake? Yes. The one with the other mixes. Half-asleep, half-awake; dumb, numb; afraid, afraid Augustine, Augustine, your wide-eyed weeping in dreaming! O cleaving substance of the Present-Past! O hope for a heart at peace beyond this world's last door! ———, but my God is in the depths of our sea of pain; of him we say, *he descended into hell.*

*Augustine, near to his end, dwells more
and more upon his love for God.*

———, and when I love thee do I forfeit lesser love? Or is it completed in that I offer thee? I remember now the flaming fires upon the distant curtains of the night; the smell of moon-drawn waters fingering the sandy beach; the hidden room wherein I, a child, would weep and laugh; the festive board at which there supped my youth's affectionate friends; the sad and fragile song on the lips of the desert boy; the glare of whitened houses in the drowsy hours of the ascended sun; the healing wholeness come across the bridge of one swift glance, when nothing happens save man's look on man. O there is a light, a fragrance, a song, a place; love which I love—nor is it lost; nor is it lessened; nor is it outward; nor is it death; it takes the Name of the Love I offer thee!

*And therefore, filled with love for the
Word, he sings,*



The sun is blazing beauty
In the morning.
The moon at the sea's edge
Is beautiful
And stars.
And love.

Christ is all beauty
Brought together;
And yet beyond
All beauty.

The heart stops.
The leaves cease
To breathe.
The silence is ice
Upon the spine.
Everything gathers,
Poised for an endless sigh.

Christ passes by.

DEUS omnia in omnibus

St. Helena, Queen and Widow

BY THE SISTER MARY TERESA, O.S.H.

N the beautiful tapestry that portrays the story of the life of St. Helena, the golden thread of legend is so interwoven in the warp and woof of fact that to attempt to disentangle them is often to spoil the appealing beauty of the picture itself. Many writers have found inspiration in the life of this noble woman—mother, queen, empress, pilgrim, benefactress, saint. We need recall only such works as Spencer's *St. Helena, Queen and Widow*, Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, Dryden's *Poly Olbion*; and the Chronicles of Holinshed and Harding. She is often called a St. Monica in her love for her father's son, Constantine the Great; another Elizabeth of Hungary in her queenly forgiving and in her exile; and a St. Anne in her long widowhood and care for her children. To dwell longer on the romantic stories that have been written concerning her would be to lose our way in the realm of legend. They center mainly about her birth, marriage, and her search for the Holy Cross.

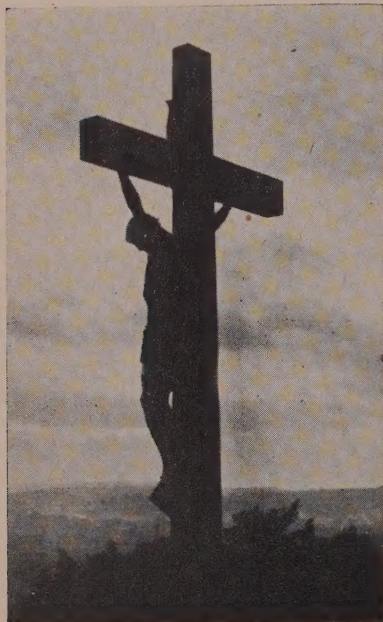
The actual events of her life which are generally accredited by her modern biographers may be stated briefly for they are few, and, compared to the volumes of legendary material written concerning her. Even the place and date of her birth are uncertain. She is now thought to have been born of noble origin, probably about A.D. 248 at Treves on the Gulf of Nicomedia. Constantine, her son, later changed the name of the place to Helenapolis in her honor. That she was lawfully married to Constantine is indicated from the fact that Diocletian later insisted on their divorce. That Constantius, who had been made Caesar of the West in 286, might marry Helena, step-daughter of Maximian. Constantius repudiated Helena in 292. Her son, who was about eighteen years old, remained loyal to his mother. In 306 Constantius sailed for Britain, where he died two years later, leaving chosen Constantine, who was with him as his successor. Constantine re-

mained in Britain for six years. He bestowed the title of Augusta upon Helena, who during the years 306-313 seems to have been living at Treves, although there is some evidence that she lived at Drepanum and made visits to Rome, or even to York. The famous conversion of her son occurred in 312, when just before his victory over Maxentius he saw, according to Eusebius, a vision of the cross in the sky surrounded by the words *By This Sign Conquer*. The event was commemorated by the making of the standard called the Labarum. Helena was about sixty-four years old when this took place. Her own conversion probably occurred soon after that of her son.

Her life from this time until her famous pilgrimage to Jerusalem about 325 was completely wrapped up in the tragic events of her own household. Constantine had put away his first wife, Minervina, the mother of his son Crispus, and had married Fausta, who became the mother of Constantius and his other children. Believing Fausta's insinuations that Crispus was conspiring against him, he had him executed in 326; and, on discovery that Fausta's accusations were unjust, he agreed to her death also. Some say that Helena, in order to expiate the crimes of her son, began her pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but her journey is generally dated earlier than these events, being placed between 324 and 325. She was then about seventy-seven years old. This part of her story is beautifully told by Eusebius in his *Life of Constantine*. He says she undertook her pilgrimage "to discharge the duties of pious devotion" and "to render thanks giving on behalf of her own son, now so mighty an emperor, and of his sons, her own grandchildren, the divinely favored Caesars" (XLII, 147). He does not mention the finding of the Holy Cross, but tells of Helena's good works in Palestine: the erection of two Churches, one at Bethlehem, and one on the mount of the Ascension; her visits to holy places; her liberal gifts to the poor;

and her liberation of prisoners and slaves working in the mines.

Her sojourn in Palestine was of short duration for she died three years later at about the age of eighty. Some say her death took place at Rome, others at Constantinople, and still others, at Nicomedia. Eusebius says she died holding the hand of her son, and tells of her will in which she bestowed her possessions upon Constantine and her grandsons. The place of her burial is not definitely known. Eusebius designates it merely as "the imperial city" which is probably Constantinople (rather than Rome) where he had erected the Church of the Apostles. The date of her death is usually placed between 328 and 330. Her body is said to have been transferred to Hautevilliers in 849, but Treves claims her head as a relic, and Rome and Lisbon some of her bones.



II

One of the most popular of the legends about St. Helena is that she was born in Britain, at York or Colchester, being identified with Tiboen, or Ellen Lueddog, daughter of King Cole of Colchester (the King

Cole of nursery rhyme fame). This legend found its way into the chronicles of the Middle Ages, probably from the statement in the Armenian Chronicle of 1056 that Constantine died at York and there his son was made Emperor. Her British birth was accepted by many writers,—Geoffrey Monmouth, Polydore Vergil, Hardingham, Brewer, Brewster, and others; but St. Ambrose, Gibbon, and most of her modern biographers deny that she was a native of Britain, daughter of a King. St. Ambrose, in his oration on the death of Theodosius (390), called her *stabularia*, thus giving rise to the claim that she was an innkeeper's daughter. He says that she was a good hostess, and that by her virtues "Christ raised her from the dunghill to the Kingdom". Just as the legend of her royal birth in Britain owes its wide acceptance to its appeal to native patriotic pride, so this story of her humble origin is popular with writers who desire to see virtue and humility rewarded, a motif found in many folk tales. There is no need, however, of trying to explain away the term *stabularia*, as some have done,² by saying that it was given to St. Helena because she built a church over our Lord's manger at Bethlehem. Her modern biographers take it as literally true.

There are also contradictory stories concerning Helena's marriage and the birth of her son, Constantine. Eutropius (364) says Constantine was born of "an obscure marriage"; Zosimus calls Helena *concubine*. The statement repeated in the Colchester Chronicle and by St. Jerome, Bede, and others, that she was lawfully married to Constantine, has been indicated, as has been noted, by the fact that she was later divorced and that her son, in 327, bestowed upon her the title of Augusta. Legend places the birth of Constantine in Britain, but most of his biographers name his birthplace as Nassius in Syria.

The story of Helena's search for the Holy Cross and of her finding it in Jerusalem cannot be classed as pure legend, for it is well attested as are many statements

¹Baring-Gould, *Lives of the Saints*, IX, p. 167.

²Mrs. Hall, in Stickland's *Queens of England*, VII, 110.

arded as historical facts. There are, however, many legends associated with the discovery of the Holy Cross, such as those relating to the Jew, Judas, later said to have been baptized as Quiriacus or Cyniacus; to the miraculous cures by which the Cross was justified; and those relating to the spread of the relics, the wood, nails, thorns, etc. Concerning the statement that Helena was the instrumental agent in finding the Holy Cross, Father Hughson says in *Athletes of the Faith*, "Those who have seen the wonderful discoveries lately made in Egypt will not find it difficult to believe that she succeeded in finding the Cross upon which our Lord had been crucified less than 300 years before." Helena's journey to Jerusalem and the finding of the Cross have very early documentary evidence. In 345 St. Cyril of Jerusalem speaks of the wood of the True Cross which he says "is to be seen amongst us at the present day," and in 351 he says that it was found in Jerusalem in the time of Constantine the great. In 395 St. Ambrose, in his sermon on the death of Theodosius, says that Helena found the three crosses and the nails and that the True Cross bore its title. In 400 St. Rufinus refers to the finding of the three crosses and the test of the True Cross made by miracles of healing. In 407 St. Chrysostom says that the Cross had lately been found and justified by its title. Evidence of this event within eighty years of the event itself cannot be ignored. The two main reasons given by those who deny that Helena found the Cross are *argumenta e silentio*, for her discovery was not mentioned in the *Itinerary of the Pilgrim of Bordeaux*, who visited Jerusalem in 333; nor by Eusebius, author of the *Life of Constantine*, who was in Jerusalem in 335.

III

The popularity and wide acceptance of many of the legends concerning St. Helena are due partly to their spiritual significance. They have been sources of inspiration to many, for, we are all, as Carlyle says, innate hero-worshippers and clothe our heroes with all the virtues and honors possible, and then seek to imitate them. There is a beautiful symbolic meaning, for ex-

ample, in the idea of a royal princess being raised to a still higher honor by canonization. It teaches us that there is a royalty whereby we can be ennobled, one excelling that of any earthly kingdom. This is the royalty bestowed by Him in Whose Kingdom we are given the crown of righteousness. By studying the lives of those royal saints, who, having in their grasp an earthly crown, gladly exchanged it for the crown promised to those who overcome the world, we are helped in our efforts to overcome pride, that root of all sin, and to attain humility, the virtue upon which all others must rest. We are thus enabled to see aright the true values of things that are eternal.

Similarly, in the story of Helena's lowly birth, we also find a helpful and beautiful symbolism, which has for us a spiritual significance. As this lowly maid attained nobility, so we, too, can rise to that high degree in which we are called "King's daughters." Sincere desire, ambition for right things, perseverance, can overcome all that stands in the way of progress. The popularity of this account of Helena the *stabularia* who became empress, satisfies the universal delight in "success stories." We class her with other great people who have risen from the lowliest condition to the highest rank possible on earth—with the rail-splitter who became president, the poor emigrant who became a great philanthropist, or the maid who led armies and crowned her king. There is, we say, something in them that deserved success, and this something we seek to emulate. But Helena won more than earthly gifts, for she attained sainthood, which is greater than all honors bestowed by the world.

This leads us to the story of Helena's conversion. Whether we regard her merely as a pagan maiden who was converted by the miracle vouchsafed to her illustrious son, or as a *concubina* in an Eastern court, one who later attained sainthood, we cannot fail to see in her one who by her conversion rose from poverty to spiritual riches. We too, poor children of this world, may by the gift of grace attain that high estate wherein we are called sons of God, heirs of the Kingdom. Like her, we can cast off the

soiled clothing of this world and be clothed in the garments of righteousness to be worn at the wedding feast of the King's Son whose spouse we may become.

But the loveliest and most inspiring of all the stories about St. Helena is that of her long search for the Cross and of her finding it at last on Calvary. It means for us the fulfillment of one of the deepest yearnings of the human heart to seek and to find that which leads us to the source of our perfection, the means of our salvation—the Holy Cross. Whether our cross is one of suffering and pain, as was Christ's; or one of long patient endurance, as was His whole life, we know that it is given to us by our Lord Himself. To seek the Cross does not mean to choose our own daily crosses, but means first, to take up those He gives us and then to recognize the fact that we must come to the Cross to be saved. We are "to take up our cross and follow" Him. That leads to Calvary—to our Calvary, which is

the death of self-will, constant self-giving for others, humiliation for the love of God and the crucifixion of all that separates us from Him. The fact that it is terribly possible to be so blind that we fail to see the value of our crosses and so fail to appreciate ourselves of their blessings, makes us wish this story of a saint who was wise enough to recognize the power of the Cross and seek it so that its power could be revealed to all men. As she holds up the Cross to us, so we too, by accepting our trials and bearing them patiently, may hold up the Cross to others. It is only by being Christ that we become apostles of Christ, and by suffering that we know how to help others in their suffering. In this way we, too, St. Paul, become all things to all men. Helena was nearly eighty years of age when she finished that pilgrimage that led her to the Cross. We are never too old to set out on the spiritual journey that leads us to our Holy Land.



ST. HELENA
(August 18)

St. Bernard and the Song of Songs

BY SISTER ELSPETH, A.S.S.P

WHY did St. Bernard write a course of sermons on the Song of Songs?

It was not a new idea. There were already a good many Christian commentaries on the book, and all agreed that it was very allegorical. But a Cistercian abbot of the twelfth century, preaching to his own monks? What could have been his purpose?

We who read these sermons in translation find them rather tedious. The preach-allegorical treatment of every phrase, constant shifting of metaphors, his far-fetched allusions to other parts of Holy Scripture, give us the impression that they did not have been very exciting even to those who heard them first. And yet—the whole series speaks of betrothal and marriage and human love: and however often the preacher might remind his hearers that this was all allegory, that the love described was between the Bridegroom who was the Word of God and the dedicated soul, it remained true that he was taking all his illustrations from a way of life which they had renounced. For instance, he says in one place "The mother has joy in her offspring, but greater joy in the embraces of her spouse Dear are children the pledges of affection; but kisses give greater joy." What would be the effect of such words on the great listeners, some of whom had given up wives and children under persuasion from a man who spoke so highly of faithful wedded love?

To understand this strange picture, we must go a good way behind the Cistercian reform.

St. Bernard is a saint of the whole Church, but he is also the son of his own generation and of his own country. He is a Frenchman. Now, of all the nations of central Europe none is more composite than that which we now call France. No land has been so crossed and recrossed by invading peoples. Many changes of fortune have come to make this land so gifted in culture and religious devotion.

Christianity came to the Roman Empire when it seemed to be at the height of its glory. But only for a short time longer did that glory last. By the end of the third century Rome, though still nominally the center of the Empire, had ceased to be the permanent seat of administration. Emperors ruled from Byzantium, Milan or Ravenna. Many great senatorial families had bought themselves estates in southern Gaul or Spain, and lived entirely in these provinces. They traveled easily from place to place, enjoying pleasant exchanges of literary effort in prose and verse. Christianity might be the State religion, but that did not interfere much with daily life, and no one troubled yet about the lot of the peasant and slaves on the great plantations.

But in the fifth century came the crash. Rome fell: and the Germanic tribes which had conquered Italy came trampling through Gaul, destroying the great frontier fortresses and spreading devastation everywhere. The Visigoths were first; when they finally crossed the Pyrenees they still held Aquitaine for quite a while. But France had to accept a long series of conquerors after that: Franks, Burgundians, Normans, and others whose names are now forgotten, until at last one tribe gained the upper hand.

These centuries of strife, the fifth to the eighth, are called the Dark Ages. But recent historical work tends to show that they were not quite so dark as we use to think. It was dark enough to be sure for the peasantry, enduring a constant change of masters. But there still survived a certain diffusion of culture and even of comfort here and there. Land-owners like Sidonius Apollinaris, who knew how to propitiate the giants, could even joke about their embarrassing attentions. They came, he wrote to a friend

"Breathing of leeks and ardour;

Great friendly souls, with appetites
Much bigger than your larder!"

He lived and died among them, in Auvergne, a very popular bishop, and his let-



ST. AUGUSTINE

ters are a valuable source of information for the times. Then we know that the old trade routes were still open: small merchants—Greeks, Syrians, and above all Jews—always found a market for luxury goods. They were not afraid to press on inland, going wherever they found an opportunity (as Professor Allen puts it) to “earn a dishonest penny.”

And when Clovis made himself master of most of Gaul, a new era began. The Merovingian kings, barbarians though they still were, were yet nominally Christian: they permitted the foundation of monasteries and often endowed them. In the same century came the wonderful Irish mission under Columban, whose followers built great religious houses through central Gaul and even Switzerland and north Italy. These

Irish monasteries were not only missions; they were ‘centers’ of education and of industry. They gathered great libraries; they brought back to France the old classical learning which had found refuge among them from the unsettled conditions in Gaul.

Here and there during these Dark Ages stand out memorable pictures of lives lived under the shadow of the cloister or the cathedral, while kings were occupied with petty dynastic quarrels. Such an one is Venantius Fortunatus, whom we know well as the author of the *Vexilla Regis*. He came from Ravenna to Gaul—who knows why? Perhaps to thank the great St. Martin for the restoration of his sight—a debt he never forgot. Anyhow he came in time for the wedding of King Sigebert and the terrible Queen Brunhild, and wrote them an Epithalamium in the old classical style. “Other Achilles have I overcome,” said Venus to her son.

Fortunatus has not been kindly treated by the hymnographers. But Helen Waddell in her *Wandering Scholars* and Professor Allen in his *Romanesque Lyric* combine to give us quite a pleasant picture of him. He settled finally at Poitiers, where he was ordained priest and finally became bishop, leading a gentle and harmless life, taking much pleasure in his table and his garden and enjoying the friendship of St. Radegund and her protégée Dame Agnes, whose monastery was close at hand. In his elegiac books of verse are many addressed to the ladies. He writes sadly to Radegund when she goes into retreat for all Lent; and joyfully when she comes out: telling her that for him this is a double Easter, that the April blossoms in his orchard smell as sweet as August fruit. He sends her flowers with Latin verses attached, for he can make an elegiacs trip lightly enough when he was. His hymns on the Cross were written at a great and thrilling moment, when a fragment of the true Cross was sent to his cathedral. We all notice his interest in the Thread of Destiny. Was he thinking of Eden; or of Radegund’s childish memories of the story of the World Tree on which Woden hung nine days and nights to acquire deep secrets of the universe?

Fortunatus died in 607, at Poitiers. The event is significant. For Poitou was the province which was one day to be the birthplace of the troubadour songs which would flourish all over Europe five centuries later: Fortunatus has sometimes been called, in jest, the first of the troubadours. This brings us to a fascinating subject, the origin of the French lyric, but we have no room for it here. We must pass on, through the revival of learning and literature under Charlemagne; only remembering that the chief advisers of the Emperor were monks, good monks at that. Alcuin died, loved and lamented, at Tours. Paul the Deacon, in his prime, insisted on returning to Monte Cassino. Some think that the great scholar himself wrote (or got some one to write for him) the pleasant lines

Paul the Deacon At Monte Cassino

Across the hills and in the valley's shade
 Alone the small script goes,
 Waiting for Benedict's beloved roof,
 Where waits its sure repose.
 Come and find, the tired travellers,
 Green herbs and ample bread;
 Let and brothers' love and humbleness,
 Christ's peace on every head."

Well through these times until the twelfth century Latin was still the language of the court as well as the school; it was impossible to hold the smallest position in local administration without some command of the official language. And yet Latin had ceased to be the language of the home. How did this state of affairs be kept up?

We must remember that the monastery of the early Middle Ages was much more than a house of religion. It was also a school, a university, an inn, a refuge, a hospital, a conservatory of music. Around some of the monasteries were villages of field-workers and artisans of all kinds. Then came the cathedral cities. There was yet no organization; but any learned man or of theology, rhetoric, or what not, could get a license from the chancellor, and gather students around him. Some of these schools became very famous: they lay along the valley of the Loire east-

wards—Tours, Chartres, Orleans, Rheims; to say nothing of Paris and Aix-la-Chapelle. When Abelard was in his prime, the roads to Paris were black with clerks from all parts of France and beyond. Any bright boy on the abbot's or bishop's demesne could get leave to enter the paths of learning: but there really was no way of getting an edu-



THE ASSUMPTION

By Borgognone

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

cation outside the Church. Of course there was a price to pay — the tonsure and minor orders. But the boys took that as a matter of course; it was part of the system; and after all, how few openings there were in life for any but clerks, apart from the profession of arms? In the meanwhile, why not have a good time?

The system was bad; but it had not yet occurred to any one to change it. It no doubt accounts in part for the low level of clerical life at this time. And so we come to that marvellous twelfth century of which Mr. Lewis has written so delightfully in *Allegory of Love*. There came to pass a change in the outlook of men upon life; a change which has not yet been fully accounted for. There was a new idea of the meaning of life and love: chivalry, courtly love: courtly love for an unattainable liege lady (who was usually another man's wife); chivalrous service of the Liege lord and also of all the weak and unfortunate (peasants of course did not count). It was the day of the birth of the French vernacular lyric, the troubadour love-song. Rather artificial it sometimes seems to us; but it did involve a new idea of delight in life and love, and it swept across Europe, from Spain through France and Germany to Italy.

Not all the people of these days lived in castles. But the students in the universities of the large cities had their full share in the infectious gaiety. Those young men felt themselves to be the heirs of the ages. They inherited the old learning and held the key to the future. They could and did write Latin love-lyrics as light as those of the troubadours. In fact they could be on occasion rivals to the knights. There is an eleventh century Latin poem in which two damsels, Flora and Phyllis, compare the advantages of having a clerk or a knight for a lover. "Your knight has no money to marry on." "But your clerk may not marry." "Perhaps; but he writes me the most lovely verses."

One thing they all have in common: the worship of Spring, which comes in northern Europe with such light and radiance:

"O Spring, the long-desired,

The lover's hour!

O flaming torch of joy,

Sap for each flower,

All hail!

O jocund company

of many flowers!

O many-colored light,

All hail,

And foster our delight.

The birds sing out in chorus,

O youth, joy is before us,

Cold winter hast passed on,

And the spring winds say, Come!"

So they wrote. At the back of another the *Carmina Burana* is scrawled—"And wish that all time were April or May, every month renew all fruits again; every day fleur de lis and gilly-flowers violets and roses; and wherever one woods and leaf and meadows green, every lover should have his lass . . ."

Alas for the wind and rain—to say nothing of the tavern-keeper's bill!

All this of course is sheer paganism. It brings us to the point we started from.

It was against this background that the reform of the Benedictine life at Cîteaux had its beginning. The reform here and other monastic houses of the time was the answer that the Church made and made, if it is to hold its own against the challenge of the world.

The good Hildebert at Tours had warned the young men of his circle not to lose the eternal April for the sake of a passing spring. But they needed something more than a warning. They wanted the answer that a man like Bernard, himself young and with the poet's gift, could make. The Cistercian ideal became a real rival to that paganism which had captured the fancy of the young. It offered a new allegiance to their hearts and souls. And this it was to lay behind those sermons on the Song of Songs.

Looking down on those young faces in the stalls, Bernard spoke to them boldly of love passing the love of women, of spiritual union with God more satisfying than earthly passion could ever be. There was nothing sentimental in his appeal. S

is sermons are indeed devoted to stir up a tender love towards our Lord's humanity; but for him that was only a means to an end. "Jesu dulcis memoria" is the central point of his teaching. He would have men pass from the love of the humanity to the adoration of the Divinity. Asked for a love of the Will, the devotion to the whole personality, of the gift of man to God in hard exacting service.

This is not to suggest that St. Bernard deliberately planned a counter-blast to the prevailing voices of his age. He spoke because he put it into his heart to speak: because he found in him a fit instrument, a man who was a living part of that age and knew its language.

And he did not speak in vain.

There is an interesting passage in *The Reading Scholars* where Helen Waddell writing about the poem of Prudentius and *The Souls conflict* (4th century). It is a drama describing a battle between virtues and vices; and most people find it very

dull. But presently "Luxuria" enters; not hateful but beautiful; "swaying a little from the wine-cup, every step a fragrance." "The value of this is deeper than the provision of a new and decorative machinery for poets—it is the first expression of the eternal problem, of Spenser's Faerie Queene, of Keats' Hyperion. This is no fight with dragons, of ugly lusts conquered by ugly things; but the harder problem for the artist, the strife between Beauty and Beauty, the one destructive of the other. And the solution for Prudentius, as for Spenser and Keats, is not the hideous mortification of St. Symeon Stylites, but the vision which Marlowe saw in a half-realized symbol:

"Women and unwedded maids

Shadowing more beauty in their airy
brows

Than have the white breasts of the Queen of
Love."

"The vision of Beauty not as Luxury but
as Power."



Prayer and the Beatitudes

BY ISABEL S. DANAY

III

BLESSED are the weak: for they shall inherit the earth. Immediately following the statement that "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted," our Lord says, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." To some of those who comprised the multitude and who had only perceived the surface meaning of the two former beatitudes, this beatitude was probably balm to their souls. As the greater part of this multitude was composed of poor Jews who were ground under the heel of Roman Dominion on one side, and on the other were ruled by the dissipated and corrupt Herod, these words were as oil on troubled waters. Were not these Jews meek? Did they not have to submit to the cruelty of oppression? Surely, this Man with the golden words was not only a great teacher—He might even be the promised Messiah! Of course, as yet, these people couldn't be sure, but now He said that the meek should inherit the earth. This might be a preliminary word in code to them, to inform them that the time would soon come when the Roman yoke could be thrown off—Herod would be ousted from his throne, and this young Man could take his place—that is, of course, if He were really the Messiah. Some of the things He said would indicate that He was the promised One, and on the other hand He said other things that were quite difficult to understand. To those people in the multitude then, and to those in the multitude of humanity now, He speaks as always, but His meaning cannot be comprehended unless the meaning of His former words have been understood as when He said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, . . . and Blessed are they that mourn . . ."

True meekness is a voluntary submission to the will of God. This voluntary submission to the will of God is only possible if first we have realized our true relationship

to Him. When we have done this—realized Who He is, and what we are—we naturally must become humble. There is a natural antipathy in human beings toward meekness. There is a false connotation of this word and the suggestions it brings to mind. Quite wrongly meekness is associated with wishy-washiness, indecision, weakness and inefficiency. If this meaning of meekness were the true and correct one, our Lord would never have said, "Learn of me for I am meek and lowly in heart." Our Lord's meekness consisted in doing absolutely the will of God. He never wavered although He was tempted almost to the point beyond endurance.

As we look at our Lord and hear His words, the true picture of meekness is exemplified in Him. God would say to us, "Look upon the Word and hear His words for in Him is the true likeness of meekness." From the moment of His Incarnation to His ascension and the descent of the Holy Spirit our Lord showed forth His submissiveness to His Father's Will.

At the moment that He spoke these words our Lord knew that all of their profound meaning could not be fathomed even by those who loved Him with a deep devotion at the time. Our Lord did know that as the disciples came to know and love Him more and more, the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, would come and take up their abode in them, as they kept the commandments He gave them. The Father spoke to the Son, and the Son spoke the words of the Father in order that the disciples, and all who would ever become disciples, could understand the Father. The Holy Spirit descended upon the disciples and entered into their souls in order to lead them into all of the truth of the words spoken by the Word of God.

As our Lord reveals the aspect of meekness within Himself as one of the attributes of God, so He would have us look long and deeply at this aspect in Him and seek to draw this virtue into ourselves. As H

and as He is blessed, so if we are to become truly blessed in Him, we must have an alert submissiveness to the Will of God at all times. This alert submissiveness to the Will of God is a positive quality. Meekness does not have the element of passive resignation to whatever may happen. Meekness is another facet of the jewel of humility. It is saying to God with a deeper understanding, a deeper love and a deeper longing for Him, "Thy Will be done in me." Upon earth, and not even in heaven can we ever be an absolute completion to our knowing of the depths of the Word. We are always learning more and ever more of His order, glory and love. It can never be finished. God's love expands to us, yet His love is complete in Himself. At the same time this Love of God's, as it is held out to us, draws us into His Life and His Love.

It is not by our own efforts that we are united to God, but it is through His power that we are led to Him. We are always in a state of becoming, rather than in a state of pure being. We are always in the state of having the Word revealed to us—of having Reality become more real to us and within us. Even when at last through the grace and mercy of God we attain the Beatific Vision, because we are creatures, we cannot even then be in a state of pure Being as God is. The fallacy of some of the ancient and modern Eastern philosophies and religions is that they do not make the distinction between the Being of God and the becoming of creatures. This holds true for some of the modern cults of our Western civilization today. When we enter in the Beatific Vision the state of becoming will have become being, in that being consists in being with and enjoying the Pure Being of God. Herein will we possess the Kingdom, because we became one in spirit, because we mourned, and because we became meek, we will be able to enter that which we gained upon earth—personality as found in God.

God gave man his personality when He created him in His own Image, the Image of the Holy Trinity. Even after man (in the persons of Adam and Eve) sinned, God intended to bring man back to Himself by means of the Incarnation. Through the sin

of Adam which was pride, man lost his original inheritance. He lost his God-given innocence and humility. This state of innocence and humility were given man at the beginning in embryonic form, and man was supposed to prove himself. Man failed in his probation and succumbed to the temptation of the evil one. After the fall man was no longer poor in spirit, no longer did he mourn and long for God, no longer was he meek, or pure in heart, or merciful, nor did he hunger and thirst for righteousness. Man made havoc of the physical world which God gave him for his inheritance, and he made havoc of his inheritance of personality. Instead of being One Center—God—about which man was intended to revolve, man became disjointed and his personality began to revolve about himself. But man within himself, with God left out, might be said to have revolved his personality about first one center, and then another. These centers, with God left out, might be thought of as the seven deadly sins, for not only history, but individual man reveals that at different times he has made as his centers, pride, envy, lust, anger, gluttony, sloth and covetousness, and has revolved his whole life around them.

When our Lord said, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth," He meant that through meekness man is given the key to adjust himself to all situations. An example of this is St. Paul, many times thrown into prison. In some instances Paul's jailors were converted to Christianity. Paul's meekness triumphed and spread itself out and God could work through the channel of Paul, to bring the jailor to Him. When St. Paul was cast into prison he did not give way to despair. He continued to praise and worship God in prison just as he praised Him when he and his fellow Christians gathered together for the breaking of bread in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. St. Paul really inherited the prison when he was jailed. The dark walls were no longer only damp and confining stones, holding a human being in bondage. Through St. Paul God claimed the prison and the jailor for Himself. Paul inherited that bit of earth, and it became a temple for the glory of God, where before

it had been a torture chamber held under the dominion of Rome. The meek shall always ultimately inherit the earth, because God will not be outdone in generosity. Because the meek have become meek, and God's Will is allowed to work in them; where darkness was—Light now is. Over and over again this has proven to be the case. The Christian martyrs who meekly submitted to the Will of God and spilled their blood in the Roman circus, now inherit the spot where their blood ran in red rivers upon the ground. For now St. Peter's Cathedral stands on the spot where wild beasts dismembered Christians for the sport of the Roman populace. The meek shall always inherit the earth, although not with deed and title in legal form, but by influence of personality.

Meekness is becoming master of a nation. When we have meekness our attitude changes, and where situations and problems formerly loomed up in grotesque form and appeared too large for our mastery, they become possible of mastery through our submissiveness to the Will of God. We inherit the earth, not by taking or having been given to us something that belongs to others; we inherit the earth, because God counted us worthy of our inheritance and we have helped to make it a part of His Kingdom.

Meekness is another step toward God in the life of prayer. It is a more fervent cultivation of the soul. When the words, "Thy will be done," are said, a more complete understanding of the meaning of this



THE BEHEADING OF JOHN BAPTIST
(August 29)

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

becomes possible. Meekness is a deeper entering into the Reality of God. It is a nearer to God, so that our focus is changed and we see a little more clearly than before What and Who God is. When we have become meek we behold another beauty and another wonder in the being of God, and we also see what He would have us become. This step of meekness has not only the dimensions of length and breadth, but it has the added dimension of depth. With meekness something entirely different enters into our relationship with God. There is the added element of a new joyousness in our submission to the Will of God. There enters within our soul a light-heartedness, and we seem to be freed from our former strain. We know of ourselves we can do nothing. The prayer for which we so earnestly prayed has at last become a reality. This faith is a different, richer thing than was our first beginnings in what we called faith. Now that we actually own our possession we wonder again and again why we doubted so long. It has strengthened us to the point where we not only feel awe, need, reverence and love for Him, but we really enjoy Him. By giving God all our wills, He has been able to draw us, not only closer, but deeper into Himself. It is at this point that the soul will finally be able to begin to pray without ceasing as St. Paul bids us. As the soul becomes dominated by God it naturally must look of Him continually. Trials and temptations are not taken away from the soul; in fact the soul may be subjected to more severe trials and temptations than before, but it has now the faculty of dealing more adequately with trials and temptations. It is able to look at these more from the standpoint of God, than from a merely human viewpoint. The soul has gained new strength to resist evil through the virtue of meekness. The soul has learned that its strength is God Himself. The soul has submitted to the extent that it can laugh and wonder how it ever thought it had anything—strength, power of resistance or any virtue, apart from God. The meek soul does not try to carry on of itself into a deeper understanding of the Reality of God, but waits for



God to lead it deeper into Himself. This is an alert submissiveness to the Will of God. This is true trust and rejoicing in Him.

This alert submissiveness to the Will of God bears fruit in that prayer becomes more natural. As our thoughts are bound to be fixed upon that which we love, now our thoughts turn to God without effort, and if for a moment our thoughts are diverted from Him, they return immediately. When we are in the midst of trying and difficult work we know that He is with us, watching us and helping us. Conscious attention to Him is not necessary any more than conversation is necessary at all times when we are with human beings whom we love. Prayer without ceasing is a perpetual orientation toward God. This orientation toward God is not necessarily a consciousness of His Presence, but is a direction toward Him which is rooted in the will. Being so rooted the soul unites itself through its will to the Will of God, and so His Will is done lovingly and joyfully in the soul.

The Liberian Mission

The Bishop's Visitation

A Letter From Father Ralph T. Milligan

At about 4 o'clock on Friday, April 30th, the big church bell began to ring. We all knew what it meant, for the week previous we had a telegram from the Bishop saying that he was expecting to come to us on that day. Two days before his arrival Father Parsell had started off to meet him.

It has been four years since we have had the Bishop here. The last was the visitation of Bishop Kroll who died two years ago. This was the first visit for the new ordinary, Bishop Harris.

According to the custom, on such occasions, the whole town turned out. The school boys went in a body to Porowo, a town an hour's walk from here. They greeted the Bishop there with song and dance and accompanied him along the rest of the way where they were next met by the school girls, and finally by the Sisters, the Fathers and the grown-ups of the town. The bell was ringing all the while. By 4:30 the whole company was in the church where we had prayers, sang a hymn and received the Bishop's blessing.

On Friday evening we all went down to the boys' school where the Bishop gave us talk about the educational work in the district. On returning home, we spent the rest of the evening catching up with the news of the Church's work in Monrovia and on the coast in other places.

On Saturday he went to the market in the morning and in the evening talked with the townspeople in the palaver house.

Sunday was the big day for us all. The Bishop celebrated early at the convent. Father Bessom at the Church (late service) and I at the monastery. At 8:30 the Bishop was around to the hearers' classes (outside the church) and arrived inside the church in time to preach to the people at the late service.

After Mass the Bishop returned to the monastery where he spent some hours in conversation with a number of individuals, particularly the school teachers and the missionaries.

The church bell rang again at 4:30. This was the bell for the gathering of the confirmation class. There was a tremendous downpour of rain, but by 5:00 it had cleared and the service began on time. There



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BOLAHUN



confirmed. This included school boys and girls from age 8 or 9 up, to one old man who looked as though she might be one of the candidates were confirmed with the laying on of hands, prayer and the anointing with Holy Oil. After the simple but very interesting address, the service ended with the distribution of the Blessed Sacrament.

On May 3rd the Bishop made a visit to the school classes, the evangelists' class, the hospital and the town. This afternoon we planned to have a conference at the convent, but this evening he Bishop is going with Brother Sydney to Yengbilahun to see some of the outstation work. He is to leave tomorrow, spending the night at another of our outstations, Foya Dundu, where we have a mission. From there Brother Sydney will accompany him to Pendembu where he will spend the night. In June the Bishop is going to Lambeth; after Lambeth to the conference at Amsterdam and then to America.

There has been a fine visitation. We have enjoyed having the Bishop with us, and we know he has enjoyed being here. He has asked to take a copy of the "Bolahun Biko" from Monrovia and have a number of

copies mimeographed both for us and for himself.

Notes

Father Superior acted as chaplain to a summer school of religious education for negroes at Petersburg, Virginia.

Bishop Campbell conducted several retreats at the Convent of St. Helena at Versailles, Kentucky, and visited St. Mary's Convent and St. Andrew's School in Tennessee.

Father Baldwin conducted a retreat for the Sisters of the Holy Nativity at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

Fr. Harris took the services one Sunday at the Church of the Holy Comforter, Poughkeepsie, New York.

Intercessions

Please join us in praying for:

Father Packard's work at Adlynrood, August 12-27.

Father Gunn holding services at Rosendale and New Paltz, August 22 and 29, also conducting a conference for young people at Christ Church, Bronxville, New York, the week of September 12.



Mount Calvary Monastery
Santa Barbara, California

Mount Calvary

one of the charms of Mount Calvary is its seclusion from the rush of modern life. Though only twenty minutes by car from the railroad station, the monastery is lifted twelve hundred and fifty-three feet above level and on the edge of the Los Padres National Forest. All sorts of wild life abound. At nightfall you can hear the howl of coyotes and you may catch a glimpse of a mountain lion. At dusk and at dawn two deer approach the kitchen door, looking for food and water. The "roadrunners" and the quail are on our retaining walls. Our quail are different from the eastern variety. They are of Spanish origin and you hear their cry, "¡Cuidado!" which means "Look out." Most of us like the canyon wren who has a wonderful mocking laugh which runs up and down the scale deriding us if we fail to rise at the break of dawn.

The wild flowers have been profuse this year and more varieties have been in bloom at the same time than ever before. Some delayed by the dry weather and all of them appeared about the same time when the rains fell. We have a profusion of California poppies this year. The greasewood whittens its wild flowers whitens the roadside and the wild lilac vies with it in profusion. Delphinium and the lupine are abroad in the fields and the paint brush. In front of the loggia a large yucca raises its torch-like leaves. There are two or three marvellous clumps of wild broom, gleaming like huge golden flames and many other delightful flowers meet the eye. In front are the blue waves of the Pacific and the back-drop is the ruggedness of the mountains. Truly our lot is in pleasant places.

The renovation of the monastery proceeds rapidly. The wrought iron cross with its cut stone pedestal dominates the patio. It is a beautiful gift. And two horticultural brothers have given us four orange trees and four cypresses in memory of their father. A recent gift of singular magnificence is a carved and painted reredos. It is of Spanish colonial date, dated about 1750; and an unusually fine example of Spanish baroque.

Our interest at present centers about pre-

paring twelve cubicles for retreatants. These will be erected in the long room which had been intended as an art gallery. They will cost about \$200.00 each. To date three of these have been pledged. They will make appropriate memorials and thank-offerings. But we cannot proceed until all twelve rooms have been promised. In case explanation is needed, we would say that a cubicle is a room without a ceiling. The walls will be eight feet high and above will be four feet of space for air circulation and the use of the light from the roof. Can we hope that all twelve rooms will be pledged soon?

To date we have received only one suggestion as to the mysterious saint who graces our Refectory walls. No, it cannot be St. Anthony, as the habit is black (not, gray or brown) and the Saint holds, not only the Christ Child standing on a book, but also a large palm,—which indicates that he is a martyr.

The wonders of Mount Calvary would require greater eloquence than at our command. We can only remark that only "seeing is believing." Come and see us.

Contributors

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Sister Mary Teresa is a member of the Order of St. Helena, Versailles, Kentucky.



An Ordo of Worship and Intercession, Aug.-Sept. 19

- 16 Within the Octave of the Assumption BVM Semidouble W Mass a) of feast gl col 2) Trinity cr pref of BVM in all Masses through Octave unless otherwise directed or b) of Sunday G col 2) Octave cr *For the prophetic witness of the clergy*
 - 17 Within the Octave Semidouble W gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop cr *the Shrine of Our Lady of Clemency*
 - 18 Within the Octave Semidouble W Mass as on August 17—*For the Order of St. Helena*
 - 19 Within the Octave Semidouble W Mass as on August 17—*For the peace of the world*
 - 20 St Bernard Ab D Double W gl col 2) Octave cr—*For the Seminarists Associate*
 - 21 St Jane Frances de Chantal W gl col 2) Octave cr—*For the Confraternity of the Christian Life*
 - 22 13th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) Octave cr pref of Trinity—*For social work*
 - 23 Vigil of St Bartholomew V col 2) of St. Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—*For the bishops of the Church*
 - 24 St Bartholomew Ap Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—*For the Oblates of Mt Calvary*
 - 25 St Louis KC Double W gl—*For all in civil authority*
 - 26 Thursday G Mass of Trinity xiii col 2) of the Saints 3 *ad lib*—*For the Faithful Departed*
 - 27 Friday G Mass as on August 26—*For the Confraternity of the Love of God*
 - 28 St Augustine BCD Double W gl cr—*For the Order of the Holy Cross*
 - 29 14th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) Beheading of St John the Baptist cr pref of T LG Beheading of St John—*Thanksgiving for benefactors*
 - 30 Monday G Mass of Trinity xiv col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) *ad lib*—*For the Priests Associate*
 - 31 St Aidan BC Simple W gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—*For the Companions of the Order of the Holy Cross*
- September 1 *St Giles* Ab Simple W gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—*For the ill and afflicted*
- 2 St Stephen of Hungary KC Double W gl—*For the Liberian Mission*
 - 3 Friday G Mass of Trinity xiv col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—*For St Andrew's School*
 - 4 Of St Mary Simple W gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop pref BVM (Venerable) *For the increase of the contemplative life*
 - 5 15th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib* cr pref of Trinity—*For the anxious discouraged and afraid*
 - 6 Monday G Mass of Trinity xv col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) *ad lib*—*For the Martyrs Santa Barbara*
 - 7 Tuesday G Mass of Trinity xv col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—*For the work of the Holy Cross Priests*
 - 8 Nativity BVM Double II Cl gl cr pref BVM—*For vocations to the religious orders*
 - 9 Thursday G Mass as on September 7—*For Christian family life*
 - 10 Friday G Mass as on September 7—*For a doctor for the Liberian Mission*
 - 11 Of St Mary Simple W Mass of Nativity BVM gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop pref BVM (Nativity)—*For the Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham*
 - 12 16th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib* cr pref of Trinity—*For the sorrowing*
 - 13 Monday G Mass of Trinity xvi col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) *ad lib*—*For the Disciples of Christ the King*
 - 14 Exaltation of the Holy Cross Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Passiontide—*For the Holy Cross Family*
 - 15 Ember Wednesday Semidouble V col 2) Octave of Nativity 3) of the Saints—*For the increase of the ministry*
 - 16 St Cyprian BM Double R gl col 2) St Ninian BC—*For work among Negroes*

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